

CARTWRIGHT, PETER

DRAWER 4A PREACHER INFLUENCES

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Abraham Lincoln and religion

Peter Cartwright

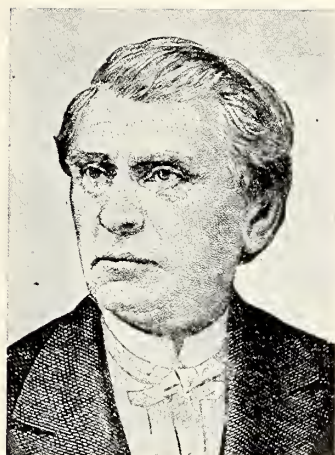
Excerpts from newspapers and other
sources

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THE name of Rev. Peter Cartwright, the renowned Methodist preacher, is so well known in the West and Southwest, as to scarcely demand explanation as to who he was, or is—for I believe he is still living. In the year 1821 he was regarded as a most remarkable preacher, for he was then in his prime. He was a thick, heavy-set man, with a profusion of dark curly hair hanging on his broad shoulders. His forehead was square and massive, his eyes black and fiery, while his complexion was dark or bronzed. The set of his jaws were of the bull-dog cast, while his character for fighting or willingness to fight was as good as his character for zeal and piety, and none was better for these qualifications. His dress was the plainest of the plain, being neither more nor less than unbleached, home-made flax, large and loose, but always shad-bellied. Of course such a man was the observed of all observers, and drew crowds to hear him at camp meetings. His voice suited the open woods, and his primitive style of preaching fitted him for the eleven o'clock sermon on the Sabbath. An occurrence took place at the camp meeting at Watkins, of that year, not far from the Kentucky line, in the State of Tennessee, that deserves recording as characteristic of the man and the times.

"A report, about half past three o'clock in the afternoon, that a notorious desperado had brought a large jug of whisky to the outskirts of the encampment, and that he was retailing it to the disorderly crowd around him, came to the ears of Mr. Cartwright, with the assurance that he had defied the peace-officers on the ground, and that he had sworn death to any man who would interfere with him. Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Cartwright started to the scene of disorder, and in defiance of threats marched boldly up to the offender, and with the power of Goliath hurled him to the ground, and there held him until he delivered him into the hands of a proper officer. He then took the jug of whisky with him in triumph to the camp, and under the influence of the feelings of the moment took the stand and placed the jug on the bar in front of him, where it was seen of all. He then commenced a sort of half comic, half serious account of his battle with King Alcohol, in which he minutely related all that had taken place, while he strutted from side to side of the pulpit, the undisputed conqueror of the day. And truly did he look the conqueror; for there was the flashing eye, the dilated nostril, and the swelling notes of victory. At length his countenance changed, and he turned to the King in the stone jug and regularly indicted him for his unnumbered crimes. In some of his apostrophes he was most eloquent and sublime while depicting the woes and the sorrows of his demoniac career on earth. He shook his huge fist at the King, and declared that, come weal, come woe, he would fight against him to the death. Never was there a more unsparing trial, and at the end of it he pronounced the verdict, and in the presence of the vast crowd which had been held spell-bound for an hour by his awful denunciations of King Alcohol, he seized the jug and walked rapidly to the side of the pulpit and poured its contents upon the ground.

"Never was a better temperance sermon preached from that day to this, and never was there more bold, original, soul-stirring eloquence uttered in the same space of time. His thundering words, 'Die the death of the traitor!' are still sounding in my ears."

San Francisco Feb 1860

"There is a good story of it."

LINCOLN AND PETER CARTWRIGHT.

By J. B. Merwin.

Abraham Lincoln had a dramatic and amusing clash with Peter Cartwright, the pioneer Methodist minister, that has escaped the thoroughgoing rakes of the biographers, who have not missed much of anything worth narrating. Lincoln told the story to me one day at his office in Springfield. I think his enjoyment in the telling was a little heightened by the fact that I was an ordained Congregational minister and that he had bested one of the cloth.

In the various biographies of Lincoln very little is told of his congressional campaign in 1846, when the Democrats ran Peter Cartwright against him. Cartwright, who enjoyed great popularity, had beaten Lincoln in 1832 when Lincoln was a candidate on the Whig Ticket for the Illinois legislature. That was the only time he was ever defeated for an elective office. When the Whigs nominated Lincoln for Congress in 1846 in the Springfield district, the Democrats, hoping to repeat their triumph of 1832 chose Peter Cartwright as their nominee. One of the issues of this campaign was religious orthodoxy. Lincoln was looked upon with suspicion because he would not subscribe to creeds. The Democrats thought they could beat him by injecting the religious issue. What Lincoln told me of the campaign warrants the assumption that there was nothing dull about it. Joshua F. Speed, Lincoln's friend, took a keen interest in Lincoln's fight and went about with him to various points in the district. Lincoln appointed a meeting for Cartwright's home town.

"Abe," said Speed, "you'd better stay away from there. That town is a Cartwright town. Cartwright's friends will take it as an affront if you go there to speak."

"I've got as many friends there as Cartwright has," replied Lincoln, "and I'm going out there to talk to them."

As soon as the Lincoln afternoon meeting was advertised, Cartwright,

not to be overshadowed, advertised a religious revival meeting for the same evening. Lincoln's meeting was very largely attended. Lincoln mixed with the people in characteristic fashion, and made a winning impression with his address.

"Speed," said he to his friend, "I want to hear what Dominie Cartwright has got to say to-night. I think he'll light into me. I'm going to stay over to the meeting to-night."

"Don't do it," cautioned Speed. "The old preacher is a fighter. Your presence at his revival meeting, after what he has said about your lack of religious regularity, will make it seem as if you were looking for trouble. Stay away from the meeting."

But Lincoln was determined to attend, and go he did. He sat in a rear seat, and probably his presence cast a depression over the meeting. Cartwright spoke powerfully along evangelistic lines, warning the unregenerate of their danger. Finally he gave the invitation about as follows:

"All who desire to lead a new life, to give their hearts to God, and go to heaven, will stand."

A sprinkling of men, women, and children rose. After they were seated one preacher went on:

"All who do not wish to go to hell will stand."

All the audience responded to this invitation with the exception of Lincoln. Whereupon every one expected something would happen; and it did.

"Sit down," said the preacher.

"I observe," he continued when all was again still, "that many responded to the first invitation to give their hearts to God and go to heaven. And I further observe that all of you save one indicated that you did not desire to go to hell. The sole exception," continued the preacher, his voice growing more impressive, "is Mr. Lincoln, who did not respond to either invitation. May I inquire of you, Mr. Lincoln," said Cartwright, with great earnestness and in a loud voice, "where you are going?"

The tall form of Lincoln rose to its full height, and he replied:

"I came here as a respectful listener. I did not know that I was to be singled out by Brother Cartwright. I believe in treating religious matters with due solemnity. I admit that the questions propounded by Brother Cartwright are of great importance. I did not feel called upon to answer as the rest of you did. Brother Cartwright asks me directly where I am going. I desire to rely with equal directness: I am going to Congress."

The reply was so unexpected that it upset the meeting. The people did not know whether to laugh or not. They held in as long as they could, and then Lincoln's admirers burst out in hearty laughter, very much to the chagrin of Cartwright, who soon dismissed the meeting. The popular verdict among the people was that Cartwright had exceeded the proprieties in directly addressing Lincoln, and that Lincoln, as he almost invariably did, turned the tables on his adversary.

In connection with this congressional campaign, Lincoln told me that the only money expenditure he made in that canvass was twenty-five cents for the care of his horse while he attended the Cartwright meeting.—The Century Magazine.

Lincoln and Peter Cartwright

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—The Century Magazine.

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Beardstown Chronicle,

And Illinois Military Land Advertiser.

"Where Liberty"

BEARDSTOWN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1834.

WHOLE NO. 71.

NO. 19.

PUBLISHED BY F. ARENZ.

TERMS.

The CHRONICLE is published every Saturday (Office on State, between Third and Fourth Streets) at two dollars and SEVEN CENTS per annum, in advance, two dollars and SEVEN CENTS, if paid within six months, or THREE DOLLARS, if payment be delayed till the end of the year. No subscription will be discontinued, except at the option of the Editor, unless all arrearages are paid.

Subscriptions will be received for six months, at \$1 75; for three months, at \$1; payable in all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS containing twelve lines or less, will be charged, \$1 for the first insertion, and 25 cents for each subsequent one; larger advertisements in the same proportion.—A deduction of 10 percent will be made to those who advertise by the year, provided these advertisements, or 36 lines are furnished, with the privilege of altering or renewing annually—payable quarterly—for any less quantity, a deduction of 7 per cent.

Advertisements not for insertion—want being marked the number of times, will be published till forbid, and charged accordingly.

All communications to the Editor must be post paid, or else they will not be attended to.

For the Beardstown Chronicle.

NEW ALLEN, Sept. 7th, 1831.

MR. EDITOR:

In the Journal of August 30th, I see an article headed the "Valley of the Mississippi, or the Moral Waste, No. 1," and signed "Peter Cartwright," to which the writer seems to invite a reply from any editor or individual.

Now, if I could possibly conceive that this article was written with a view to aid the true religion in any shape, I should not meddle with it; or, if I could conceive that it was intended to vindicate the character of the "West," I should be the last to censure it. But being thoroughly satisfied that it is wholly a political manoeuvre, and being equally well satisfied that the author is a most abandoned hypocrite (I will not say in religion—for of this I pretend to know nothing—but) in politics, I venture to handle it without restraint.

The first sentence in the article that I shall notice is in the following words: "For a number of years past, the character of the citizens of the Valley of the Mississippi, has been assailed and slandered to an extent never surpassed in any civilized country. Now, as to the truth of this charge of slander, I know but little. This much, however, I do know—that whenever an eastern man becomes a candidate for office in this country, this general charge of slander is resorted to, with a view to prejudice men against him."

settlement with their salaries made sure to them, with all their travelling expenses, is it then right to circulate a subscription for their benefit? and after they have appealed to the best feeling of an uninformed and abused community, and obtained their money for their national societies and agents, is it then right to slander and misrepresent them? What, in the name of common sense, is it of which uncle Peter is complaining? He has been quarrelling with—nobody knows whom—half down the column of a newspaper, because, as he says, somebody has misrepresented this community by calling it ignorant, &c.; when, suddenly forgetting himself, he calls this same community an "uninformed and abused community." That he should be heard saying things that he does not believe himself, I do not wonder at; but that after his long dealing in duplicity, he should be found unable to travel half way down the column of a newspaper without crossing his own trail is passing strange. Speaking of his Advocate letter in his "Moral Waste," Cartwright says, "I did not ask for Methodist teachers, and when I asked for those under the influence of our own church, I only meant those that were opposed to American or National societies, &c." Now this is worst of all.

If any of Cartwright's real friends have a blush left, now is the time to use it. He did not ask for Methodist teachers! Will any man risk his reputation for common sense by pretending to believe this? Mark the circumstances. He was writing to the editor of the only Methodist periodical published in the nation—a paper seldomly opened by any but Methodists—so much so that although the letter had been published some considerable time, and the paper had many subscribers in Sangamon county, so far as I can learn, no eye, save that of a Methodist ever beheld it till the editor of the Pioneer, through the medium of his exchange list, I suppose, discovered it and republished a part of it.

Does this look like a general invitation to all who were opposed to American or National Societies? To me it appears a general invitation to particular individuals—something of a public call made in a private way.

But this is not all—"These teachers were asked of the older States and conferences"—mark the word conferences. Now I may be mistaken, but if I am not, no church except the Methodist has the word conference in its whole technical vocabulary. I will here venture a legal opinion: If asking for Methodist teachers were a crime of the magnitude of homi-

cidary illustrations of his argument, which enforced while they adorned it. But let others pronounce his eulogy. I must not—I feel as though his mighty spirit haunted the scene of his triumphs, and when I dared to wrong them indignantly rebuked me.

"These names have been historical. There were others, of whom it is more difficult to speak; because yet within the reach of praise or envy. For one who was, or aspired to be, a politician, it would be prudent, perhaps wise, to avoid all mention of these men. Their acts, their words, their thoughts, their very looks, have become subjects of party controversy. But he whose ambition is of a higher or a lower order, has no need of such re-serve. Talent is of no party exclusively; nor is justice.

MR. CALHOUN.

"Among them, but not of them, in the fearful and solitary sublimity of genius, stood a gentleman from Virginia—whom it was superfluous to designate.—Whose speeches were universally read. Whose satire was universally feared. Upon whose accents did this habitually listless and unlistening House hang, so frequently with wrapt attention. Whose fame was identified with that body for so long a period. Who was a more dexterous debater; a ripper scholar; better versed in the politics of our own country; or deeper read in the history of others; above all, who was more thoroughly imbued with the idiom of the English language—more completely master of its strength, and beauty, and delicacy; or more capable of breathing thoughts of flame in words of magic and tones of silver.

MR. CALHOUN.

"There was also a son of South Carolina, still in the service of the Republic, then undoubtedly the most influential member of the House. With a genius eminently metaphysical, he applied to politics his habits of analysis, abstraction, and condensation; and thus gave to the problems of government something of that grandeur which the higher mathematics have borrowed from astronomy. The wings of his mind were rapid, but capricious, and there were times when the light which flashed from them as they passed, glanced like a mirror in the sun, only to dazzle the beholder. Engrossed with his subject, careless of his words—his loftiest flights of eloquence were sometimes followed by colloquial or provincial barbarisms. But though often incorrect, he was always fascinating. Language with him was never the scaffolding of thought—employed to raise a dome, which, like Angelo's, he suspended in the heavens.

MR. CLAY.

LIST OF LANDS,

ENTERED on the Books of the Auditor of Public Accounts, for the State of Illinois, and by said Auditor reported to the Clerk of the County Commissioners Court of McDonough County, in said State, as a List of Lands, owned by non-residents, subject to Taxation for the year therein mentioned (with interest and costs) and upon which the Taxes have not been paid in conformity to the several laws for levying and collecting a tax on Land. In all cases the Lands are advertised in the name of the original Patentee, and taxed according to the class to which they belong.

PATENTEE.	PRESENT OWNER.	No. of Acres.	Quarter Section.	To'n Ran-ship ge.	years Tax Du.	A'm't inter- taxes of est& n'es taxes costs costs
Thomas Dawkins	S. Wiggins	160	N E 1	4 N. 1 W.	1834	2 40 29 2 69
John Barkley	P. H. Schenk	160	N W 1	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
John Carberry	H. K. Townsend	40	S E 2	do do	do	60 23 83
Christian Hight	Q. Hichecock	320	S 1 3	do do	do	4 80 37 5 17
Almond Macham	J. & W. Dabeny	160	S E 4	do do	do	2 40 25 2 69
Edwd Treble	Henry Long	81	pt. N W 8	do do	do	1 21 29 1 46
Andw Campbell		160	N W 10	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
John Huston		111	pt. S E 10	o do	do	1 66 26 1 92
John Cunningham hrs &c		160	S W 11	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Jner Morrisou	William Grinshaw	160	N E 12	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Daid Pollard	J. Foster	160	S W 12	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Oliver Bad	Charles Wilkes	160	S W 14	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
John Gates		160	N E 15	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Thomas Rowsey	Jacob Ott	160	S E 15	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
J. Fulton's hrs. &c.		160	S W 17	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Andrew Dyer	R. C. Anderson	160	N E 18	do do	do	42 22 64
Berry Tucker		28	pt. N W 21	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Jesse Galo	R. Bledsoe	160	S W 21	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
R. C. Wheeler	Isaac Phillips	160	S W 22	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Anth. Cleaver		160	N W 28	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Tho. W. Hoyt	William King	160	N E 28	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Jesse Hoyt		160	S E 29	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Win. Maria		160	N E 31	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Stephen Pitts	M. E. Overhill	160	S E 31	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Calvin Morse		160	N W 32	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Daid Pratt	J. Morse	160	S W 32	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
George Wilison		160	S E 32	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Samuel Richards	J. J. Brice	160	S W 33	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
George Wilk-r		160	N E 1	5 N. do	do	2 46 29 2 60
James Whitson	Bank of United States.	320	S 1 3	do do	do	4 80 37 5 17
James Patterson	William Downing	320	S 1 9	do do	do	4 80 37 5 17
William Phillips	R. H. Reese	160	N E 10	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
Greenleaf Rand		160	S E 11	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
John Todd	Rufus Crain	160	S E 12	do do	do	2 40 28 2 69
John Barker	E. L. Phelps	150	pt. S E 18	do do	do	2 40 29 2 53
Moses Underhill	S. S. Potts	110	S E 20	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69
	Levi Shortmell	160	S E 22	do do	do	2 40 29 2 69

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Some time last summer the letter to which he alludes in his "Moral Waste" was discovered in the Christian Advocate and Journal, bearing his signature. In this letter, speaking of this country, he says:—"This land of moral desolation." This letter was published in handbill form, and circulated in great numbers throughout Sangamon county, was posted up on the doors of stores and groceries, and even read in public companies of which he formed a part; and, so far as I can learn, the authorship was never discovered by him. I have not the letter before me, and therefore cannot make many or long quotations from it; but the short one I have made I know is correct, and I well recollect that the whole tenor of the letter was in perfect unison with it.

The next sentence that I shall notice is in these words: "Who are these mighty men that write about the poor heathens in this Valley?" To this I answer that I cannot say who they all are; but that the world has positive evidence that Peter Cartwright is one of them.

Again he says, "Are they not generally found in the ranks of the political and religious aristocrats of the day?"

To this I cannot give a direct answer. However, if uncle Peter be a fair sample of the clan, I should say they are.

Again he says, "Is it not evident to all informed observers that the devil might get all the poor ignorant heathens in this Valley if they did not get the money?" To this I incline to answer yes. I believe the people in this country are in some degree priest ridden. I also believe, and if I am not badly mistaken "all informed observers" will concur in the belief that Peter Cartwright bestrides more than any other man in the northwestern part of the State.

He has one of the largest and best improved farms in Sangamon county, with other property in proportion. And how has he got it? Only by the contributions he has been able to levy upon and collect from a priest ridden church. It will not do to say he has earned it "by the sweat of his brow;" for although he may sometimes labor, all know that he spends the greater part of his time in preaching and electioneering.

And then to hear him in electioneering times publicly boasting of mustering his militia, (alluding to the Methodist Church) and marching and counter-marching them in favor of or against this or that candidate—why, this is not only hard riding, but it is riding clear off the track, stumps, logs and blackjack brush, notwithstanding. For a church or community to be priest ridden by a man who will take their money and treat them kindly in return is bad enough in all conscience; but to be ridden by one who is continually exposing them to ridicule by making a public boast of his power to hoodwink them, is insufferable.

Again, he says, "Now I put this question to the sober judgment of every Christian and enlightened gentleman, whether this conduct is fair, truthful, or honest? and whether these men ought not to be rebuked by an insulted and abused community?" In answer to this, I should say, that as a general punishment, I think these men ought to be rebuked as uncle Peter recommends: but in his particular case, I would recommend some more sanguinary punishment; for such punishments as rebuke will be forever lost upon one of such superlative hardihood and as he possesses—he has been more than rebuked these twenty years.

Again he says, "Now after these men have come on, settled down in some flourishing town or growing

dist—so much so that although the letter had been published some considerable time, and the paper had many subscribers in Sangamon county, so far as I can learn, no eye, save that of a Methodist ever beheld it till the editor of the Pioneer, through the medium of his exchange list, I suppose, discovered it and republished a part of it.

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A few more words and I shall have done. The sum totum of this matter is this: None has a greater thirst for political distinction than Peter Cartwright. When he wrote his Advocate letter he had no intention that any western man, save probably a few of his militia should see it; but, unfortunately, it was discovered. This was a trying time with Peter. He saw, as any man might have seen, that the effect of this letter was fastening it self upon his political prospects with the benumbing embrace of an incubus, and weighing them down with the weight of a mountain. Then came his "Moral Waste" which is nothing more nor less than an effort to shake off the effect of the Advocate letter. But it is a failure. He will have to shake again.

Poor ghost of ambition! He must have two sets of opinions, one for his religious, and one for his political friends; and to plait them together smoothly, presents a task which his feverish brain is incompetent to do. Let the Advocate letter and the "Moral Waste," No. 12 be presented to an intelligent stranger, and he told that they are the productions of the same man, and he will be much puzzled to decide whether the author is greater fool or knave; although he may readily see that he has but few rivals in either capacity.

SAMUEL HILL.

From the Farmer's Reporter.

The following is a little out of the common order of political discussion of character—and therefore excellent. It is a specimen of loud thinking exhibited some years ago to an American Congress in the persons of a WILKES man of Georgia. Perhaps even the author's enemies would not object to his appropriating the first of these giant miniatures.

MR. LOWMEDES.

"Pre-eminent—yet not more proudly than humbly pre-eminent—among them was a gentleman from S. Carolina, now no more; the purest, the calmest, the most philosophic of our country's modern statesmen. One no less remarkable for gentleness of manners, an kindness of heart, than for that passionless, unclouded intellect, which rendered him deserving of the praise—if ever man deserved it—of serenely standing by and letting reason argue for him. The true patriot, incapable of all selfish ambition, who shunned office and distinction, yet served his country faithfully, because he loved her. He, I mean, who consecrated by his example, the noble precept, so entirely his own that the first station in the republic was neither to be sought after nor declined—a sentiment so just and so happily expressed, that it continues to be repeated, because it cannot be improved.

MR. PINCKNEY.

"There was, also, a gentleman from Maryland, whose ashes now slumber in your cemetery. It is not long since I stood by his tomb, and recalled him, as he was then, in all the pride and power of his genius. Among the first of his countrymen and contemporaries, as a jurist and a statesman, first as an orator, he was, most truly eloquent, the prince of rhetoricians. Nor did the soundness of his logic suffer any thing by a comparison with the richness and classical purity of the language in which he copiously poured forth those

"There was also a son of South Carolina, still in the service of the Republic, then undoubtedly the most influential member of the House. With a genuine eminently metaphysical, he applied to politics his habits of analysis, abstraction, and condensation; and thus gave to the problems of government something of that grandeur which the higher mathematics have borrowed from astronomy. The wings of his mind were rapid, but capricious, and there were times when the light which flashed from them as they passed, glanced like a mirror in the sun, only to dazzle the beholder. Engrossed with his subject, careless of his words—his loftiest flights of eloquence were sometimes followed by colloquial or provincial barbarisms. But though often incorrect, he was always fascinating. Language with him was merely the scaffolding of thought—employed to raise a dome, which, like Angelo's, he suspended in the heavens.

MR. CLAY.

"It is equally impossible to forget or to omit, a gentleman from Kentucky, whom party has since made the central figure of one of our most popular and dangerous. Of sanguine temperament and impetuous character, his declamation was impassioned, his reports acrimonious. Deficient in refinement rather than strength, his style was less elegant and correct than animated and impressive. But it swept away your feelings with it like a mountain torrent, and the force of the stream left you little leisure to remark upon its clearness. His estimate of human nature was, probably, not very high. It may be that his past associations had not tended to exalt it. Unhappily, it is, perhaps, more likely to have been lowered than raised by his subsequent experience. Yet, then, and even since, except when that impudence so natural to genius, prevailed over his better judgment, he had generally the good sense or good taste to adopt a lofty tone of sentiment, whether he spoke of measures or of men; of friends or adversaries. On many occasions he was noble and captivating. One I can never forget. It was the fine burst of his eloquence with which he replied to the question—"What have we gained by the war?"

MR. WEBSTER.

"Nor may I pass over in silence a representative from New Hampshire, who has almost obliterated all memory of that distinction, by the superior fame he has attained as a Senator from Massachusetts. Though then but in the bud of his political life, and hardly conscious, perhaps, of his own extraordinary powers, he gave promise of the greatness he has since achieved. The same vigor of thought; the same force of expression; the short sentences; the same calm, cold, collected manner; the air of solemn dignity; the deep sepulchral unimpassioned voice; all have been developed only, not changed, even to the intense bitterness of his sarcasms was indeed peculiar to him; they seemed to be emanations from the spirit of the icy ocean. Nothing could be at once so powerful—it was frozen mercury becoming as caustic as red hot iron."

A REB REWARD.—The truth of the proverb that there is nothing lost by doing a charitable action, is exemplified by a correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal, who furnishes a sketch of the life of I. C., a respectable member of the Society of Friends. This individual, it appears, at the age of 15, walked forty miles to put himself apprentice to a certain trade; a ferry intervened and he had no money to pay the fare, but a kind hearted woman lent him four pence. He learned his trade, and experienced various vicissitudes of fortune, until he finally settled in New York, where he amassed a large fortune and retired from business. In gratitude to the woman who had lent him four pence, he schooled all her children and gave her a pension of one hundred dollars per annum, which by a provision in his will, she is to receive during her life. This is more than compound interest on the 4 pence lent.

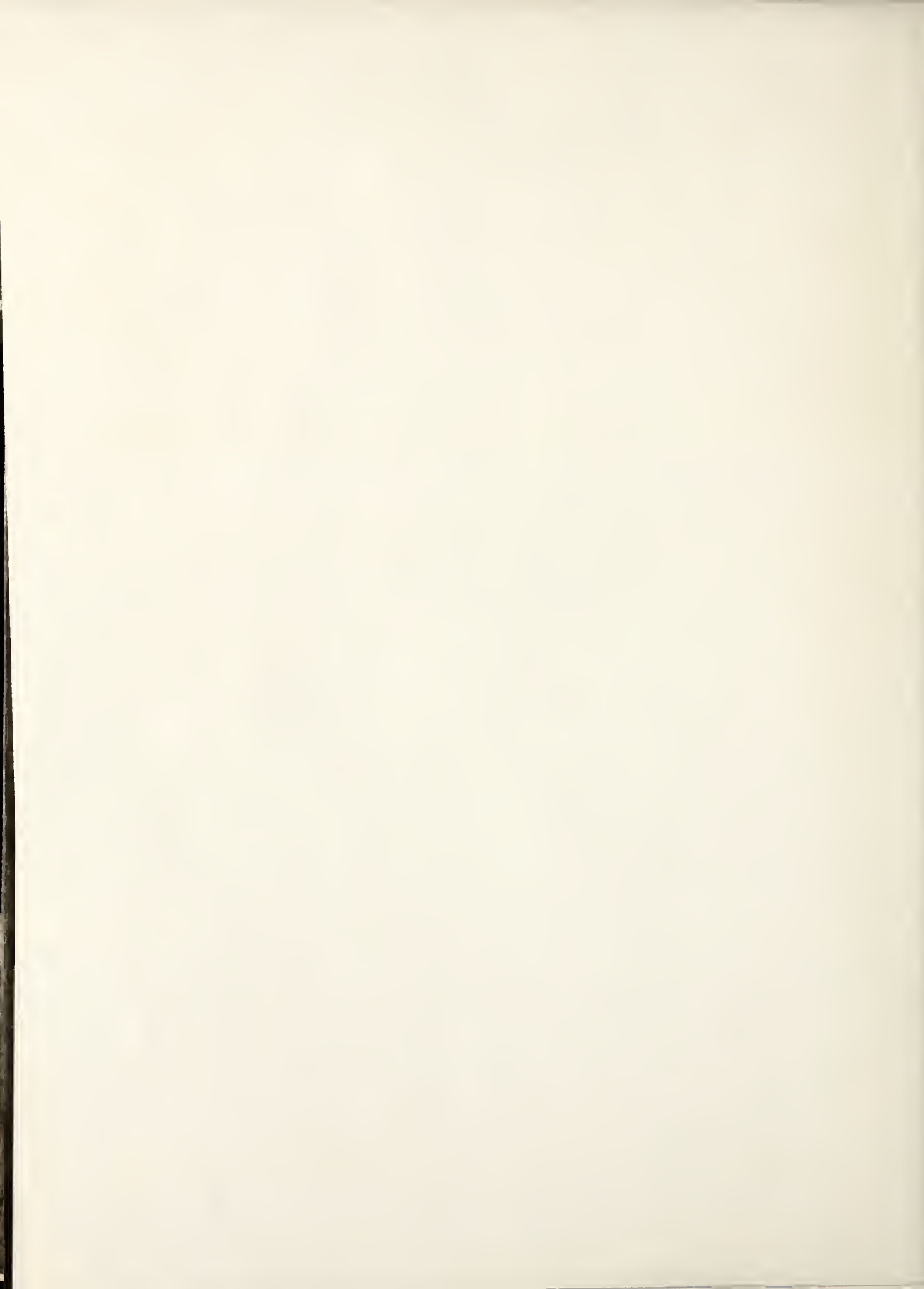
STATE OF ILLINOIS.

McDONOUGH COUNTY. ss:

Taken Up,

By Wm. Hays, (in Job's settlement) on the 8th day of APRIL, 1834, 3 head of horses viz: One gray horse 15 hands high, 10 years old, blind in one eye. One bay mare 14 1-2 hands high 9 years old, a white spot under her right eye, and one black colt, one year old. The gray horse was appraised to the sum of \$45. The bay mare to \$45, and the colt to \$25, in all appraised to the sum of \$115, by Nelson Montgomery, Joseph Montgomery and George W. Head, before Wm. Willis Esq., acting justice of the peace in and for McDonough county Ill. as appears by returns now on file in my office. May 1, 1834. Attest, JAMES M. CAMPBELL, Clerk.

R. C. Wheeler
Amth. Cleaver
Thos. W. Hoyt
Jesse Hoyt
Wm. Martin
Stephen Pitts
Calvin Morse
David Pratt
George Wilson
Samuel Richards
J. J. Brice
George Willey
Bank of United States.
William Downing
R. H. Reese
Rufus Crain
E. L. Phelps
S. S. Potts
Levi Shortnell
James Harris
J. Nicholson
E. Graves
James Rodgers
Henry Riney
Charles Higbee
James French
J. Mitchell
R. Conner
Dake Watson
E. Griffith
Jacob Stinson
A. and M. Britton
Hiram Birch
Jer. Titus
John Doctor
J. Tate
M. Brown
Law and Waitman
Same
Same
William Dowling
Charles Higbee
William Cole
N. Cole
L. Amesley
J. Mackey
A. Otty
W. H. Ohara
Ro. Foster
Simon Smith Jr.
Asa Minor
W. Roper
Isaac McKonithu
Samuel Foster
A. Lathrop
C. Beding
A. S. Gale
Joel Brown
Samuel Spotts
M. Doso
R. Dement
E. Arrowsmith
J. Theill
Samuel Rodgers
W. Bishop
James Rindlett
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320 S 9 do do do 4 80 37 5 17
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100 S E 11 do do do 2 40 20 2 60
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The Death of Mrs. Cartwright.

ON page 522 of the number for February there is a note on the death of Mrs. Cartwright. The meeting referred to was in charge of the Rev. Hardin Wallace, now a resident of California. By request of the Rev. John P. Brooks, editor of the "Banner of Holiness," I was at Bethel Chapel as a reporter for that paper, and I wrote the account of "Mother" Cartwright's wonderful death for that paper.

Permit me again to state the facts of her death as I witnessed it all, seated as I was not more than six feet in front of her, and with my eyes upon her at the moment. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. Some ten persons had spoken, or given their "testimony." She was not called upon to speak, but was about to rise from her seat, when the Rev. Mr. Wallace requested her not to rise, and turning to the congregation said, "We will now listen while Mother Cartwright gives her testimony." She spoke of her long and arduous life as the wife of an itinerant Methodist Episcopal minister, of the goodness of God, of the joy and peace she then enjoyed, and with much feeling concluded by saying, "The past three weeks have been the happiest of all my life; I am waiting for the chariot." I wrote her words as she spoke them. The meeting continued in a quiet way, others speaking for about twenty-five minutes longer, when I observed that Mother Cartwright leaned her head on the shoulder of Mrs. Huett, who sat beside her, and as she did so, closed her eyes. I arose and stepped to her seat, opened the window, and found her dead. Then it was that the Rev. Mr. Wallace said, "The chariot has arrived."

Yours truly,

Francis M. Hayes,

Pastor Methodist Episcopal Church, Colfax, Illinois.

Cartwright, Feb. 1881

Lincoln's Kickapoo epitaph read:
*Here lies poor Johnny Kongapod;
 Have mercy on him, gracious God
 As he would do if he was God
 And you were Johnny Kongapod.*

PETER CARTWRIGHT was something else. The Methodist circuit rider from Virginia ended up ministering in Lincoln's Illinois bailiwick. One day he heard a deacon droning on in some half-hearted praying, and when he had finished Cartwright said, "Brother, three prayers like that would freeze Hell over." Another time he stepped off a stump, grabbed a troublemaker, and flung him off the premises. He continued preaching: "As I was saying. . ."

It was Lincoln's lot to face Cartwright in 1846 as a candidate for Congress. While Cartwright was candidating, he continued his ministry as a preacher. Lincoln had been warned not to go near his meetings. Cartwright had been calling Lincoln a deist—a man who did not believe Jesus was really God intervening directly in history, in the doctrine of the atonement and eternal punishment—on and on. He even circulated an earlier notion of Lincoln's, namely that "Christ was a bastard."

Anyway, Lincoln went to a meeting and Cartwright spotted him. Came the altar call and Lincoln was in for it.

"All who desire to lead a new life, to give their hearts to God, and go to Heaven, will stand." A number of men, women and children stood.

"All who do not wish to go to Hell will stand." Naturally everyone stood then.

Except Lincoln.

Then in the best preachers' tremolo Cartwright's voice could muster, the preacher said:

"I observe that many responded to the first invitation to give their hearts to God and go to Heaven. And I further observe that all of you save one indicated that you would not desire to go to Hell. The sole exception is Mr. Lincoln, who did not respond to either invitation."

"May I inquire of you, Mr. Lincoln, where you are going?"

Lincoln slowly rose, speaking with measured voice. "I came here as a respectful listener. I did not know that I was to be singled out by Brother Cartwright. I believe in treating religious matters with due solemnity."

"I admit that the questions propounded by Brother Cartwright are of great importance. I did not feel called upon to answer as the rest did. Brother Cartwright asks me directly where I am going. I desire to reply with equal directness:

"I am going to Congress."

LINCOLN LEFT US with that question about whether he was going to Heaven or Hell a bit up in the air. Maybe the fact that he came to Washington after that episode gives us a hint of which it was.

But at any rate, I hope he's out there in the Happy Hunting Grounds. I certainly want to meet him. I don't think an awful lot of his theology.

But I do want to hear him tell some of those stories. He could tell a whopper. Got a hunch even Brother Cartwright won't mind.